

The Daily Movie Magazine

FOR THE FILM FAN'S SCRAPBOOK



MAE MURRAY

We will be glad to publish the pictures of such screen players as are suggested by the fans

THE MOVIE FAN'S LETTERBOX

By HENRY M. NEELY

Folly Kopy writes: "An intellectual bird, disgraced by the familiar tortoise shells and sickled over with the pale cast of thought in my hearing recently gave voice to this obiter dictum: 'A scrivener in the public prints; a professional writer whose editions are read by the multi-minded mob—should be free from prejudices.'"

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"She has risen in her profession through hard, earnest work, and I believe, a whole-souled, sincere desire to give her audiences the best that is in her."

"It was on a pier in Atlantic City eight years ago that she appeared to me for the first time. She worked under the handicap of a cold in the head, and her small, fleshy nose was red and watery."

"She was just a little pensive girl, with dreams and ambitions filling her Celtic soul—which grew into an obsession. And when she left the neighborhood to seek an outlet for her talent she believed in her heart she possessed, the old man wiped away more than one surreptitious tear and sighed more openly than he believed he ever would."

"Well, Maggie made good. And in the years afterward—not so many—she was Mae Murray, a dancing 'Follies' girl who won the recognition. And then came the movies—and glorification. And success didn't go to her head. She didn't change so you would notice it."

"She has brought visual pleasure to thousands—this graceful figure of the screen. And I think now she possesses more than a medium of histrionic skill, though dancing is her forte. And I am strong for Mae Murray, whose name is unsullied by the sort of scandal which—his pity, his true—considered an adventurous aid to success in the films."

"And if it were not for the romance and sentiment that were part of her being—a heritage of the race—the probably wouldn't have been freed from her humdrum existence and through her talents, scale the almost insuperable obstacles to reach the iridescent heights attained by only a few."

"That's how I view Mae Murray. She deserves her success and the sympathy and well wishes of the cinema connoisseur, including yourself, oh, Henry, Mahatma of the Movies!"

"Gosh, that's a good letter, Folly Kopy. It's so smooth and sincere and human. Any comment of mine would only spoil it, but you've come mighty close to winning me over, so let's shake hands on an agreement to wish little Maggie Murray well and boost her along if we conscientiously can. And, since 'Fascination,' I'm beginning to believe we can."

"Interested" writes: "Give me a crack at 'Beyond the Rocks,' would you, please? I haven't read your comment on it as yet and can hardly wait until

two girls—I won't call them happy-go-lucky dancers since some polka dancers—who talked and talked and talked. Talk to itself isn't so annoying, but as the music became louder they raised their voices also, until they could have been heard above a brass band playing the march from 'Tambores.' The people in front of them spoke to them, the people on each side spoke to them, so in back did blow. And they merely giggled the longer and went on talking. It was impossible to call an usher without annoying every one behind us as much as these two were annoying us, so we had to grin and bear it. During the intermission the orchestra played a beautiful selection, there was a violin solo and a tenor. And these two chits drowned out the beauty of it all.

"Now, it's had enough to go to a neighborhood house and have mamma in back read everything aloud to six-year-old Willie, but when it comes to pay in our downtown houses, only to be annoyed by such ill-bred people as the girls of whom I speak, something should be done about it. If some one sat behind you and pinched or kicked you all through the performance, you could do something about it, but when they assault your mind only you have to tolerate it."

"By the way, it happened in Music Week. I suggest an Educational Week for some of these dumbdoras. 'I guess you think by this time, if you've read this far, that I'm a darned old grinch. Well, I don't care. I think I'm justified and I'd like to hear from some others who have the same complaint to register. Age doesn't prevent me from being as much as you are still in my teens and can flap when I feel so inclined—but I'm not going to keep my brains in the childish stage because I wear my dresses short. I'm a student of physiology to discern that isn't an intellectual blueblood, ugh! And the subtitles! I've never read any of Elinor Glyn's masterpieces of fiction, being cautious enough to avoid what I was warned of, but in my childhood days I once invaded a nice old Victorian lady's library of Bertha M. Clay, so I know whereof I speak. You remember the expression, 'When Hector of the Salvation Army spoke on 'The Meaning of Memorial Day' at a patriotic celebration yesterday in Bellevue Cemetery.'"

"Oh, Lady, Lady! You certainly like a chin on your shoulder, and yet everything you say is quite true. As a matter of fact, I was glad to have you say some of the things you did: I wouldn't dare say, but coming from you, I have any computation in printing them for the benefit of the 'dumbdoras' you speak of. Only very recently I've had your experience with the talking flappers drowning out music selection, and in the city's finest picture house, too. Again I say, go to it, and God bless you, but don't be too hopeful of making any impression on the parties mentioned. I may be cynical, but I'm afraid there isn't the slightest use, and the flapper fans will continue to go on liking Elinor Glyn and Roddy, and being bored by 'Tannhäuser' until Hector's pup has great-great-grandchildren. I take your stinging rebuke about printing your name meekly and with proper submission. It won't happen again."

"Mr. Neely, I wonder if you've noticed that we're having more poor pictures shifted on us than ever before. To tell the truth, we aren't having any good ones. Lately I've become a fan in the true sense of the word—giving the paragraph should go to the People's Forum, but I doubt if the dumbdells I intend it for ever read that section of the paper. Maybe they don't even read your column. Of course, you understand I don't wish to cast aspersions on your 'Box.' Well, it's this: Not long ago I attended a moving picture theatre where a very poor show was in progress, but the music more than made up for the picture. In front of me sat

SALVATION LEADER SPEAKS
Lieutenant Colonel Arthur T. Brewer, of the Salvation Army, spoke on "The Meaning of Memorial Day" at a patriotic celebration yesterday in Bellevue Cemetery.

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NEED FOR SCREEN REALISM CAUSES A DOMESTIC JAR

REALISM in screen characterization sometimes gets an actor into domestic difficulties. When T. Roy Barnes was selected to play the part of Happy Jack, the tramp, in the popularization of the famous stage classic, "The Old Homestead," he determined to create the role properly and grow a scraggly beard. Mrs. Barnes put in a mild protest, but her husband assured her it had to be done for art's sake.

The beard grew and domestic relations in the Barnes household progressed serenely until one day T. Roy showed up with a dog of doubtful origin. In the story Happy Jack's only pal is a very disreputable dog. Barnes, still carrying out his idea of realism, found just such a dog.

"I've got to live with this dog for a couple of weeks before the picture begins, so he'll get used to me," Barnes told his wife. "It's for art's sake, you know."

Mrs. Barnes likes dogs, but when she got one look at the unwashed "Whiskers"—that's the name somebody gave the dog—she was more than mildly antagonistic to the idea. She was openly belligerent. Besides "Whiskers" had fleas.

"Where did you get him?" she queried.

"I almost bought him from a woman in Los Angeles for \$2 until she discovered I was a motion-picture actor and then she wanted \$25," her husband explained.

"Well, you'll not keep him in the house. He'll have to stay in the garage."

"But he has to be near me," remonstrated T. Roy. "He has to get used to me, so that he will follow me around in the picture. I can't keep him in the garage."

On last reports it was not yet determined whether the dog would sleep in the house with T. Roy or T. Roy would sleep with the dog in the garage.

AUTO IS REAL RAMBLER

Dr. Helen Kirschbaum, of 1303 Locust street, was decorating graves in a cemetery at Fifty-fifth and Market streets, yesterday, thieves drove away with her touring car, which had been parked at the gates of the burial ground. Dr. Kirschbaum's machine has been stolen on two previous occasions.

Thieves forced the door of a garage at Seventh and Kimball streets and stole a truck owned by Joseph Shivas, Jr., of 731 Latona street, which was later found abandoned near League Island. A truck owned by Herbert Booth, of Wynwood, Pa., was stolen from Twenty-third and Turner streets.

Others who reported thefts are: L. S. Garfinkle, of 1735 Carpenter street; Harry J. Gerber, of 510 South Fifty-ninth street; Oscar M. Furman, of 1307 North Fifteenth street; James Herbert, of 203 North Broad street; Isaac M. Stewart, of 120 Chester pike, Lansdowne, Pa.; and J. Palmer Collins, of 228 South Thirty-ninth street.

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BALTIMORE 518 & BALTIMORE STS.
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